

By the Hands of the Ants by JacquesSays

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Language: English

Characters: Alvin Marsh, Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Bill Denbrough's Parents, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, Stanley Uris's Parents, The Losers Club (IT), Wentworth Tozier

Relationships: Ben Hanscom & Stanley Uris, Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough & Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon & Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, The Losers Club/The Losers Club (IT)

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Summary:

The kingdom is under attack by its own people. The peasants had started to pick up the pieces that their government will not help them. A rebellious group called the Rat Revolution is causing trouble and terrorizing both the noble and the common folk. The king's best idea to dismiss the problem was to crown his son on the prince's 24th birthday. But in order to properly be crowned, he must find a partner, and now Prince William Denbrough is being forced to be married before his birthday. His father chooses the two perfect candidates, Lady Beverly of the South and her Northern counterpart

Lord Edward Kaspbrak.

The three of them were forced into this agreement but each of them didn't know that. With the help of their trusted companions, Lady Beverly with her right-hand man, Richie, and Lord Edward with his assistant Mike Hanlon, they devise a plan in order to woo the prince but little did they know that the prince's trusted friends, Stanley and Ben, are there to interfere.

Love will break out, enemies made and find out who the traitors are within the room in this nobility au inspired by Jane Austen and Les Misérables!

By the Hands of the Ants

Author's Note:

this is my first IT and AO3 fanfic,, pls be kind :)

This isn't very accurate to the 18th century and has a lot of the 1600s mixed in with its politics I guess. Also in this 'old century,' they are very accepting of any homosexual relationships and there hasn't been any form of racism within sexism within this universe. But there is prejudice between the poor and the rich.

The Kingdom of Derry was a small little place, though it is separated by two major states, the Northern side where farmers thrive and medicinal and textile products are more richer and efficient. Often considered a peaceful state and its animal patron was a star-nosed mole. The highlight of the state is the biggest manor you'll ever see, people call it the House of Neibolt owned by the lonesome Countess Sonia Kaspbrak, the place was isolated and the thick forest is there to hide the medieval home. Another landmark is the abandoned barn near a riverbank, the blackened bricks and spots were the prime reminders of a devastating fire that happened and a young boy who often visits tell that this had not happened a long time ago.

The Southern state is recognized as more of a lively, theatrical state where carnivals are best enjoyed here and its military is extremely equipped, their flag holds a gray mouse in the center. A traveling theatre group comes around five times a year and is often regarded as one of the best *comedias* of all time. Another thing this state is famous by is that the rivers found in this state all travel up to a giant ocean where another manor is located, this time owned by the esteemed Marquess Alvin Marsh, the shore also houses the Marquess's knights, who vigorously train in ocean and land.

Meanwhile, the palace can be seen in the center of it all, having its own state known as the Mainland, and is covered in thick walls to protect the people residing in it against the harmful rebels. Scholars and knights were the ones who mostly occupy the main town followed by the rest of the common folk, Mainland prides itself on the vast amount of history in their archives and the amazing bread that the bakers make every day. The kingdom was ruled by three generations of the Denbrough family with King Zachariah as the current ruler.

The rebels were the biggest threats the kingdom has ever faced, a so-called Rat Revolution group is scaring the people in the south and what seems to be some copy cat groups were found in the north as well. The Rat Revolution was said to steal from knights who were out on the night and would mess around with Barons, Lords, and other nobility. Nobody has actually seen any of their faces but it is a crime if you are accused to be associating with one of them. The birth of this rebellion was said to happen twelve years prior to now, and nobody still knows who is behind all of it.

King Zachariah was a man who played his kingdom like a deadly game of chess. Their kingdom versus the revolution, black and white. Every move was obvious, he'd shove all the peasantry under major labor, the knights and barons would manage any chaos that will happen within the commoners first, and when it gets worse, he'll summon those of higher ranks until his attention is extremely needed. By then, he'll send out the queen of the game, his son.

In chess, the queen has the most power among the game pieces and is a difficult task to deal with unless you are able to outsmart it. If the prince is able to hold his ground and defeat the rebelling peasants, everything will be at peace. And if not, well, Zachariah would have given his son the crown by then.

At the announcement of his son's crowning, he had many critics one of which was an old farmer all the way from the Northern state, judging by the intricately patterned cloak he carries. The old man threw dirt at the podium, it was a wise choice to not hit him directly. The King only took a glimpse at the man who screams at him for help, his figure frail and weary. He ignored him the entire time.

The crowd cheers as they see the ravishing Prince William step out of the royal carriage, the King could hear a couple of girls squealing and he only chuckled. The prince had not been seen by the public since eleven years ago, nobody knew what he looked like apart from that one portrait that can be found in the kingdom's main library. But yet that was when the prince was still thirteen, face round and eyes bright. He was as tall as the King's shoulders, now he towers all the people within this gathering. The prince did not say anything and looked distant from everyone, his face looked cold and sad, a great contrast to the people watching him. The announcer had finished his speech by this point and allowed the prince to wave at his people.

Once his son had bowed down in front of the audience, short and stiff it was, just like how the king taught him, the palace staff that accompanied the royal family immediately surrounded them to make a beeline for the carriage. The prince looked at his father and opened his mouth, his eyes were devoid of any radiance.

"If you're going to protest, you can't do anything about it," the King cut him off before the prince could even utter a word. Bill's throat growled softly and his face shifted.

"You're the w-worst," He coldly responded and looked out the window, his mouth was sewn shut and his fists were still balled up.

The queen was silent the entire time, frantic looking, her fingers wrapped around the lace in her gown, softly tugging it for comfort. Her golden locks were in a tight bun but the frizz and greying hair were showing much to her comfort, and the beads of sweat on her forehead weren't any of help either. Zachariah knew she couldn't do anything about this situation, neither could his son. Ever since he had acquired the crown, his words were law. It was a power extracted from the famed accessory, and he's going to abuse all of its power until the fourth of January*.

"I'M SO FUCKING PISSED!" Bill rips out the celeste blue coat he wore earlier during the announcement. Stanley Uris, his dearest friend, and squire, awkwardly stands opposite of him, by the grand doors staring as Bill unbuttons the pearl waistcoat rather quickly. His hands fly up to his reddish hair and mess it up purposely.

Stan swallows down something as he diverts his eyes at the pocket watch in his hand. "I think you should rest first, Bill... before they arrive." Bill lets out a heavy breath and turns to Stan, a small frown accessorizing his pale face.

"I c-can't," He sighs and sits down on his queen-sized bed, his butt sinking in the soft mattress. "E-everything is so so s-stressful, the k-king won't explain why I need to do all the-this." He stares down at his leather shoes, glaring at them with such intensity that it could snap a bird's neck.

"Yet you agreed to do the arranged marriage?"

"I didn't have a choice. I'm...I'm the only heir I left." His voice breaks and turns into a sudden sob.

Bill feels a warm hand on his shoulder, he looks up from the floor and stares into Stan's eyes that looked like pools of honey. Stan's other hand firmly held on to his shaking one. His friend gave him a soft smile, uncommon for his personality, "It's not okay, I know, that's why I'm here to help you," Bill imitated Stan's smile, suddenly eloped from his warmth, "I'm your squire after all."

Bill lets out a sniffle and a chuckle. "Thanks, Stan," His voice tones down in a soft whisper, and continues looking into Stan's eyes. Stan did the same too, Bill wonders what his eyes look like in Stan's mind.

The doors abruptly open to see Bill's tutor, Ben Hanscom red in the face and panting heavily. He looks at them and eyes how close the two were when Stan jumped and stood up, tucking his hands behind his back, the frown on the back on his face. Ben opens his mouth for a moment then closing it again. He breathes in heavily this time and calms himself. He looks at Bill, "You'll need, huh, a new outfit," he gasps for air, "the suitors are here."

Stan looks at Bill, "You should've rested," He grins and leaves the prince to dress, with a curious-looking Ben by his tails. Bill laughed and flopped back on his bed, not wanting to meet his supposed soon to be partner in life.

Author's Note:

* Bill's birthday is on January four

Let me just put this character guide here:

Bill - the prince of Derry
Beverly - the Southern Marquess's daughter
Eddie - the Northern Countess's son
Stan - Bill's closest friend and squire
Ben - Bill's tutor
Richie - Beverly's right-hand man
Mike - Eddie's assistant and only friend
King Zachariah - Zach Denbrough (obv)
Y'all already know who Alvin and Sonia is already